TONIGHT

NO. 2

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CW

PUBLIC RELATIONS PAY OFF

GIRLS ALWAYS
MAKE PASSES
AT MEN
WITH MOUSTACHES

FOR BETTER
OR NURSE

Vol. 1

CONTENTS

No. 2

EDITORIAL 3
PUBLIC RELATIONS PAY OFF . 4
LOW CAL GAL 12
SON OF THE BEACH . . . 16
HOW TO MAKE A BRANDIED PEACH 22
BAREFOOT IN THE WINTERTIME . 26
PINUP IN COLOR . . . 32
FOR BETTER OR NURSE . . 34
2 2 TROUBLE . . . 38
BUSTER'S LAST STAND . . 42
THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE FOAM . 46
TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT . . 52
GET LAST YEAR'S MODEL AND SAVE 56

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EDITOR DAVE QUIMBY PHOTO EDITOR

EDITORIAL

IT'S A-B-O-U-T TIME!

Aye, brothers, we agree. This second issue of TONIGHT has been too long in the making. Believe it or not, we get as impatient as you do, waiting for TONIGHT.

Oh, sure, we could gather up any old thing, take pictures of any old gal, wrap it up and toss it out. But — that would be just any old magazine. It wouldn't be TONIGHT.

Trouble is, we're perfectionists. We don't shoot until we see the whites of their thighs.

And why not, after all? When a fellow knows what he wants and knows when he wants it, he won't take less than the best.

So tear a page out of your social calendar. Pull down the shades, break out your best bottle, put a lock on the door. Tonight's your night for TONIGHT.

Incidentally, before you settle down for a long, lingering look, let us pass on to you a warning received from one of our readers. We'll quote him direct:

"Next time I'll know better than to let my girlfriend see TONIGHT. She snatched my copy and wouldn't give it back until she read it from cover to cover. That was the last I heard of her. Last I heard of my garage mechanic too. They took off for Las Vegas. In *my* car!"

In short, anything can happen with TONIGHT. If you want to show her your copy, be darned sure you're in the driver's seat.

Hell, it's your money, isn't it? You paid for it. You've got something coming to you — TONIGHT.

● ● ●

HANS DENNIS ART DIRECTOR MILTON BEATTY

This chick doesn't do much in the way of public relations—but privately, wow!

How you handle your public relations

PUBLIC RELATIONS

will effect your private relations!

PAY OFF

ONE OF THE smartest guys in the woman business was a fellow by the name of Casanova

This is a guy who knocked off so many dames that he was ablle to fill volumnes with stories of his conquests.

The reason he was so successful was that he let the dames read his stuff

In other words, Casanova was his own press agent, one of the first to come over the pike

Have you ever noticed the way women re-act to a guy who has a reputation as being a lady-killer? They sniff and they snort and they make indignant remarks like, "Hmf, what's so hot about him — suppose he *is* handsome, he's just a big show off — why I'll bet that if a girl were to make up to him, he'd run a mile. He'd better not get fresh with me because . . ."

And so on, and so on They keep talking about him all night long

The answer is, they can't get him out of their minds.

Now here's the question. how did this guy get his reputation as being a lady killer? He got it by discreet advertising, that's how.

And the worse his reputation becomes, the more the women run after him until finally, he has to get an unlisted phone number in order to get any sleep

Did you say — "It should happen to me"? Well, it can.

One of the first rules in being your own press agent is to let other people do your advertising for you. Never, *never,* shoot off your own bazoo.

There is nothing that scares the women off quicker than knowing that anything they do with a guy will be broadcast by that guy in the next 24 hours. A man with a big mouth might just as well be dead

But you don't have to have a big mouth to advertise You simply have to be smart.

One of the first steps to take in this direction is to get yourself involved with someone who is an easy conquest.

We are not now talking about the girl who gives it all to her friends and who has no enemies We are talking about the plain girl, the overlooked girl, the girl everybody ignores.

She is just dying to give it away. Let her. Naturally, you are a gentleman Naturally, you keep your mouth shut because you don't want to be known as a big mouth.

But this girl will be your mouthpiece. After all, she doesn't have a man very long or very often. Her pride and contentment will make her want to tell her friends She'll blush and she'll be coy, but she'll let them know darned soon that you are a ring tailed wonder

As soon as the snowball starts

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Some girls don't need to advertise their own chorms.

rolling, proceed to your next selection and make sure she is of a similar order.

These girls will do your public relations for you. And what's more, being grateful for attention, they will give you a big build up, even if you are a dud.

Be very sure that in the early stages of your campaign you don't set your sights on anything that is likely to be a shut out.

Don't aim for the village belle or the campus queen or the local femme fatale. Not yet, anyway. She can't afford to take on anybody unless she is sure he can do her some good. Also, she gets so much attention that you're going to have to be extra special to win her favors.

But if you proceed along the lines we've suggested, you eventually will seem extra special to her and you won't even have to push. All you'll have to do is lean backward and she'll fall.

The second aspect of this program is coolness. That is, you turn on the heat when you are in the company of your girl chum. Never mind that she is slightly overweight and she stutters. Any port in a storm. And for the time being, you are working on building a reputation. Make sure that she has something to talk about.

It shouldn't take too long before you begin sensing a change in the female climate around you.

Certain girls who never gave you a tumble before will start looking your way. Some of them will have that unmistakable "I will" look in their eye. Others will be distinctly hostile.

Don't be fooled by that hostility, but don't try to do anything about it, just yet. Concentrate on the ones whose expression says yes.

Little by little you will find that the grade of ore you are mining gets brighter and better.

By this time, the campus queen and the femme fatale and the village belle are looking your way too

Ignore them.

You can afford to. You're busy with the lesser lights. Handle them

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A client like this is really a press agent's dreamgal.

Public relations in the bathtub is a new gimmick, you must admit.

with care, remember — you're on a publicity campaign Incidentally, you're also beginning to enjoy a pretty active and satisfactory love life.

It is about this time that you can afford to knock off a few of the star attractions Play it very cool and play it very straight.

Find some excuse, some acci dent" to get alone with Linda, the one who's been giving you the cold shoulder and the glassy eye.

Turn on the charm. Show her that you really aren't a wolf, just a regular fellow. This is what we [illegible] before by "don't push and she'll fall on her face."

She was all primed to hate your guts. She thought you were a big wind bag and a lady killer and a show off and all the other things, and what's more, she's mad because you're the only guy in town who hasn't given her a tumble.

When she finds out that you aren't the big rascal she thought you were, she will do your wooing for you. In fact, she will practically leap into your arms.

Linda, naturally, is too pr[illegible] to talk, but by this time, she doesn't have to. Everybody knows your reputation. Everybody knows that a gorgeous gal like Linda wouldn't be seen with a bum.

From that point on, pal, you are in line for the finest rewards on earth. Remember, play it cool, keep your mouth shut and your eyes peeled.

And remember to get an unlisted phone number. With all your activity, you're going to need some sleep

A press agent's job is to get his client's pix into the popers - tough job, no?

Our friend is plonning her next compaign; it'll be a hit at every box office.

There's nothing like a bright, shiny smile on a pretty girl — to sell a lot of soap!

These days a gal has to look out for her figure — if she doesn't, nobody else will.

LOW CAL GAL

Watch the girls as they file into the office in the morning The one with the big breasts, the one who bounces when she walks, gets all the male attention

No matter that she is a deadbeat or has a husband who is a judo champ. Most men think that just because she's toting a pair of outsized biscuits that she is a sex bomb on the make.

This is just as ridiculous as buying a raffle ticket and then borrowing a wad of dough which you will pay back as soon as you win

It is more than ridiculous It is damned unfair to slim girls. There are hundreds of thousands of women, millions of women, in fact, whose figures do not come anywhere near to the boom or bust proportions demanded by our movie makers and wished-for by ourselves.

SLIM GIRLS MAY HAVE LESS BOUNCE BUT THEY HAVE A BETTER BEAT

SOMETIMES IT APPEARS that the United States is the target for all the big-bosomed broads in the whole world

They all come here: Lollabrigida, Loren, Diana Dors, Sabrina, Meg Myles, to name a few Then, of course, we have our local variety

There isn't a girl in the nation with a 38-C who doesn't regard herself as a candidate for stardom. Press agents don't require anything of a girl, these days, but a phone number and a big bust. Whether she can sing, dance, act, play the saxophone doesn't matter

What matters is — her bazoom.

This makes it mighty tough on slim girls — though it could be easy for you.

This isn't merely a matter of cinematic taste — it reflects national taste as well.

Yet, these women are willing, eager, grateful. They are forced to adopt subterfuges, foam rubber pads, wired-up bras, just to appear as something they ain't

When, in fact, what they are is already good enough.

What really makes a woman beautiful in the long run, is her proportions. This is true of a slim girl as well as an outsized girl The various measurements of her body should be in harmonious relation to each other If they are, you have a beautiful woman, a woman who remains beautiful long after the big boob gals have begun to sag.

But there's another aspect of this situation that can be of great importance to the male on the make

It is simply that slim girls don't get the kind of attention they de-

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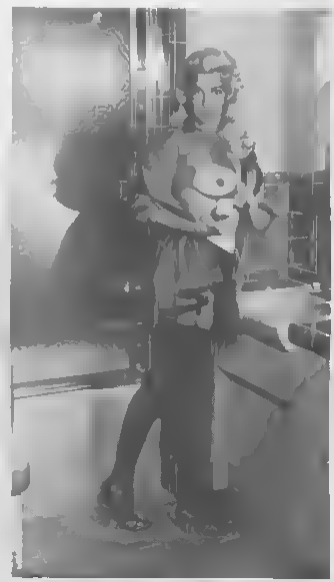

serve Wh[illegible] get it, they pay off.

You may have noticed that the office typing pool contains, among other [illegible] a [illegible] lass [illegible] of [illegible] busy giving the bouncy girls the eye, that this little charmer feels left out of things

It's high time you stopped leaving come a reality.

What's [illegible] be the m[illegible] enjoyable reality you've ever known.

This slim little creature is lithe and smooth and sensuous She

She may be a low-cal gal, but she's high in lots of other special qualities.

who has a tiny waist, delicate hands and feet, and a small, though perky bust. She also has a little derriere that looks as if it has been sculpted by a master

You notice all of this if you bother to look She won't thrust it her out

First time you talk to her you will discover an eagerness, a friendliness that can't help but reveal promise of better things to come

And if you pursue the matter a little further, that promise will be moves like a cross between a wildcat and a deer. She is quick, sensitive, responsive, and what is more, she is warm — far warmer than you had ever known a woman to be

There are two reasons for this: one is that her own body makeup,

the same system that keeps her from putting on a load of beef, also keeps her responses lightning fast You will find that her nerves are alert and tingling.

Once she is aroused, she blazes like an incandescent lamp. And what is more, because of this vibrant energy, she isn't quick to subside.

The second reason for her warmth, is, of course, her gratitude She wants to be a woman, she *is* a woman, by George, and she enjoys being treated as one

She knows she has a beautiful body and she wants someone to appreciate it. If you have any eye for a woman at all, you will discover that this isn't hard

We could go on listing the advantages of slim girls over big girls — they are neater, they are quicker. warmer, they don't hit as hard, they are more active, more lively, and much easier to hold on your lap.

Finally, there is one more advantage, which, in these days of inflation and high taxation, shouldn't be overlooked. One of the best things about slim girls is — they are much cheaper to feed. ● ● ●

Low-cal refers only to her intake. Her output of calories is high, wide and hot.

SON OF THE BEACH

By [illegible]

FROM the [illegible] to Toronto and from Miami Beach to Puget Sound, there's only one consuming passion in the hearts of fun-loving American men and women these days: let's go out to the beach! There with a tall surf pounding up a storm, and enough sand to supply hour glass manufacturers for a lifetime, one can find escape from the humdrum, from the jangling influences of urban life.

And, with a little imagination and energy, one can find other things at the beach. One can find romance. The wonderful part of love at the beach is that you need nothing more than what you find there naturally: the sand, the solitude and the pulsating surf. No need for fancy dress; a bathing suit will do nicely. No need for such civilized trappings as television or hi-fi, the picture of circling gulls against the white fluff of cotton clouds, and the sounds of wind-driven waters nuzzling the shore are plenty for anyone.

What possibly makes the seashore the wonderful spawning ground it is for love is the inevitable broad, white beach sloping down toward the water. The beach seems to invite relaxation. It seems made for lying down on. And if you take a girl to the beach on a date it's better than even money that (1) she'll lie down without being asked

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Sand, sun and surf are a mighty inducement to love

and (2) will take off most of her clothing before you pour that first martini from the thermos. Now really, nobody could ask for better action than that.

Unfortunately, that does not quite solve all your problems, unless you are content to sit and stare at a delectable bronze thing cha-cha-ing before your very eyes. On the assumption that you will not be content with such a prospect, we offer you the following handy guide for making out on the seashore. The instructions set down here are the results of years of painstaking research and experimentation by a team of crew-cut surfboard enthusiasts from San Clemente, Calif. It is offered in the hope that some frustrated son of the beach will find in it the answer to his prayers.

Rule 1. Choosing the broad. Not all girls, in spite of obvious allure of the seashore, are fond of going to the beach. They are either of such delicate complexion, or are so plain perverse, that the ocean leaves them cold. Red heads are usually poor beach prospects, so are freckled girls, who become absolutely motled by an afternoon in the sun. Like bats and owls, they prefer the cooler pleasures of evening. But if you *do* find a beach gal, make sure she has a reasonably good figure. After all, you're going to spend a major part of the day and — with luck — the night with her, and she's not going to have many clothes on at any time. You can overlook random bulges on a fully-clothed girl; there is no escaping imperfections when she is clad in only a half-yard of elasticized material. So make sure she's stacked.

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"My boyfriend gave me this and he called it a swan. I can't tell it from a goose."

Rule 2: *Chosing the beach* If you are out for an afternoon of exercise and sun, then it doesn't make much difference where along America's three thousand miles of beachfront you go. However, if you have other things in mind—like seduction—you'll want a modicum of privacy. Find yourself a small, intimate strand with at least a couple of square yards of sand to lie upon This is a must.

Rule 3: Choosing the time. Despite the health-giving qualities of sunshine, there are advantages to moon-glow, so try to time your arrival at the shore with the lowering of the sun—say, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. It'll take about two hours to oil your girl to the point of easy operation, and by that time you will have a radiant sunset to look at. Then comes darkness, and then comes the real fun of a day at the beach, which is described below. By six o'clock in the evening, when the sun is beginning to lower, comes a pause in the days occupation that's known as the lover's hour Well, that time has arrived and you have presumably been keeping the martinis and the conversation flowing. You are lying there, side-by-side, on the cooling sands, luxuriating in the cool breeze that now wafts in off the ocean.

All afternoon—in fact, for about two months now—you've been admiring that obviously well-formed territory under the top of her swimsuit. As she lies there now, you can hardly resist reaching across the narrow space that separates you and touching them. But you don't, not yet. Instead, you reach over and run your hand along the line of her soft blonde hair. She murmurs something sleepily and turns over, toward you and smiles.

"When I go swimming I like to have something to play with almost anything will do."

You smile back. You go to the other extreme and begin nuzzling her toes with your foot. She is a mite ticklish, and this begins to get her juices flowing. You slip a knee in between her knees, then drop your arm down around her waist. She moves toward you tenderly. The space between you disappears, and you kiss. She makes it clear that this is what's been on her mind all afternoon, or at least since that last martini.

Now you are confronted with an ultimate problem for all beach-goers. That is, how to overcome the abrasive quality of the sand you lie upon, or—lacking that—how to ignore it. Better you should not try to ignore it, however, unless you are a practictioner of Yoga and are used to self-flaggelation. And even if you are, your girl probably is not and will raise holly hell until you find someplace else.

If your car has a removable back seat, you can drag that down to the seaside, but that can be trouble when you have to leave in a hurry. There are, at this moment, 520 convertibles without rear seats in the twenty coastal states of the U.S. To avoid getting into the same predicament, we recommend an oilcloth or canvas to spread over the sand. It's ever so much more comfortable.

As the cool darkness falls over the sand, there you are, locked in each other's arms with the sound of the surf and the night birds in your ears, the warm, contoured sand beneath you, and the entire evening to look forward to. Your girl, delighted and gratified at your consideration and thoughtfulness, is a willing and expert partner in the night's adventure.

And if you're really a beach bug, there's always the ocean nearby ? ?

● ● ●

"First time I've ever had a goose or swan on my head. Those silly photographers!"

HOW TO MAKE A BRANDIED PEACH

By Ludwig Faverell

A firm fruit can be made tender with sugar, honey and fine wine!

MANY MEN have discovered the dismal—and costly—truth that, you can pour gallons of hootch into some women and come out with nothing more exciting than a hangover and an empty bank account.

There was a time, not so long ago, when the woman who "drank" was considered a sinner, a fallen woman, beyond all hope of redemption.

What's more, it was true. It was true because women themselves believed it to be true. Thus, a woman who wanted an excuse to succumb — and what woman doesn't — would allow herself to get good and soused and, incidentally — made.

Thereafter, she had a ready-made excuse every time the urge was upon her. All she had to do was hoist her glass and it was a signal she was ready to hoist her skirt.

Well, that's the way it used to was, but ain't no more. Nowadays it is not considered sinful for a woman to drink. In fact, she is considered a triffle odd if she doesn't.

This means that the old psychological tie-in between drinking and sex, is gone. But not forgotten.

To a certain extent, of course, the

connection still remains. That is, if a woman wants to succumb, she will frequently allow herself to be well drenched in alcohol before doing it. But just as often she will succumb without drink.

Or, conversely, she will drink you under the table — and when you both get there, she'll stiff-arm you if you so much as lay a hand on her knee.

Thus, it begins to appear that although the old tie-in between drink and sex is gone, there is still some connection.

It is no longer direct and obvious, no longer a sure thing. It has become subtle, just as women themselves have become subtle. And it demands a somewhat new approach.

Nowadays, if a man is out to score with a new girl on a date, and if he tries systematically, in the old fashioned way, to load her with booze, she will sit there and laugh herself sick — behind politely smiling eyes.

By pursuing this old-fashioned method the man tips his hand and also, shows himself to be so nervous about the whole procedure that he'll resort to the most outrageous means.

This just gives a girl a case of the horse laughs. Now — note — we're not saying she won't ever succumb in the face of this kind of an attack. Maybe she will. But only *she* wants to. In other words, she is doing the deciding, and you happen to be incidental to her wishes.

Most men are unwilling to settle for so passive a role. And we don't blame them. Most men want to be in the driver's seat. And here's one way of doing it.

Admitting that liquor has become a social convention, admitting that women drink, admitting that a woman who drinks is no better or worse than a woman who doesn't, you proceed from there.

The thing to do is to get her loaded in a *special* way. That word special is important. Make her feel special, make her feel different and above all, don't make her feel as if you're trying to get her loaded.

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Picture of a brandied peach about to burst into a jet of crackling blue flames.

If this sounds a little contradictory, we'll explain

Supposing you take her to dinner. Naturally, you have a couple of drinks first. Ok, under the *old* system, you tried to pour a lot of hootch into her before dinner, then you fed her wine after dinner, then more hootch. Finally, she either passed out or asked to be taken home

In either event, you got nowhere

is to say, "Let's not drink too much before dinner. The food is good here and they serve an excellent wine."

This really throws her a double curve. Not only are you not trying to get her sozzled, you are also showing her that you think she is special enough to receive this attention.

All right, so far. It is after dinner that your tactics begin to pay off.

"Candy is dandy but liquor is quicker," — and here's the proof — like 200 proof.

Now, under the *new* system, you go very, very, very slow with the liquor. You suggest an aperitif before dinner, not a block-buster martini.

She may not accept your suggestion. She might want a martini after all But one thing she hasn't overlooked, not for a moment — is that you're not trying to ply her with drink.

In fact, one of your best gambits

You will notice that, if she has not had much to drink before dinner, and only wine with dinner that when the meal is over, she is still light-hearted, clear-headed and gay.

This is the best thing that can happen to you It means her guard is way down She isn't mumbling about the need for fresh air. She isn't sitting tensely, quivering in every muscle, waiting for you to make a pass which will give her an

excuse to go home and get over her cargo of booze.

Far from it. She's delighted by a fine meal, feeling protected and valued and perfectly willing—when you launch your torpedo — to go along for the ride. Your torpedo, of course, is the suggestion, "Why don't we go over to my place and sample a few choice brandies?"

Of course she'll say yes. By this time you have established yourself as a man of taste and discrimination. You pick and choose your food, your wines, and indirectly, she is flattered, because it suggests that you pick and choose your women. She feels like an individual, not just a target for tonight.

Yes, she'd love to—and from this point on, you're in. Or, almost in.

Don't forget, you've got to keep up this role of the thoughtful, discriminating male. Keep your little taddy-paws to yourself. Keep a light hand on that brandy bottle. Don't push. Let the liquor do its work. That, and her female psychology.

And don't worry about a thing Sure the clock is ticking along and you're getting impatient. But she is getting ripe and mellow, ready for the plucking. Little by little, the brandy creeps up on her, the stimulant warming her blood and bringing sparks to her eyes.

She doesn't realize it, bot she is getting loaded, and what's more, she is willing and eager to join you in the thing you both want. As her temperature rises, move in—and enjoy the sweetness of a well-brandied peach ● ● ●

BAREFOOT IN THE WINTERTIME

The Road To Romance

Often Is An Obstacle Course

THE OLD ADAGE, "keep her barefoot in the wintertime and pregnant in the summertime," is a formula that is supposed to keep women out of trouble

It is a good formula

It can also work the other way. That is, it can, if used correctly, work to keep men in trouble, or more precisely, to increase a man's love score.

Of course, what we're referring to in this generalised way, is a program of health activities and athletics that will take a man into areas which he has, up to now, neglected

One of the biggest fallacies of our time is that athletic women are frigid, that they are passionless, that they have no interest in the gentle sports like boudoir basketball or mattress hockey.

This is utter nonsense and was invented by their powder puff sisters to keep male attention fixed on them.

The fact is, as any psychologist can tell you, that women are frequently subject to the same powerful sex urges as men. Not only that, but in some females this urge is so strong that it can only be satisfied by violent physical exertion.

Now there are two ways of performing this physical exertion. One of them, if engaged in sufficiently, will ruin a girl's reputation from here to the Ketchican Peninsula The other way is to play tennis.

You'd be amazed to discover how many lithe, muscular, firm breasted, strong thighed women, the women you see doing calisthenics in a gym or playing golf, riding, swimming — you'd be amazed to discover how many of these females are working off excess energy in a way that will keep them reasonably happy and free of social stigma.

A woman's position is, in most places in this country, far different from a man's. Everybody expects a man to go tomcatting or bird-dogging around.

People deplore it in pious conversation, but everybody feels that this is a man's basic right

This same right is denied to a woman. She is supposed to have no urges, or, if she does have them, she is supposed to keep them in check until the preacher says "go." And even then, if she has an eye for the boys after marriage, she is supposed to keep her eyes on her plate. Censure is tough on a married woman who strays from the primrose path.

And all of this brings us to the point. The primrose path is actually a cinder path, a swimming lane, a bowling alley — far more often than you'd think.

Let's suppose that you've been wanting to play pursie with that lovely creature who always smiles at you on the 8:30 bus. You've watched her for months, have exchanged a few pleasantries about the weather, etc. The situation is ripe but you haven't done anything about it.

One of the things that causes you to hesitate is that she is always getting on the bus with a new armload of athletic equipment or a new case of sunburn.

You say to yourself, any dame who goes skiing or hike riding or who plays tennis, etc., as much as this girl, just isn't the type to settle down to a couple of fast rounds on the hearth rug.

But let's say that her smiles are so warm and encouraging that you don't believe your own thoughts. You finally get up enough gumption — and enough sense — to invite her along on a hiking trip.

She'd love to! She's been dying to get out in the country, how sweet of you to ask.

Well, you're in for it now. You have plenty of misgivings as you think of her forging along the highway with a twenty pound pack on her back, your eyes on her attractive rear end until it becomes

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We always say you can
tell o girl hos
talent if she
doesn't use
bongo's.

lost in the distance.

Well, the day comes and you both set out for a ramble in the country.

Letitia, you discover, looks better in the day time than most girls, because with a little lipstick and no other makeup, you can actually see the color of her own skin. It is a tawny gold.

There's nothing wrong with the thighs and buttocks encased in those tight blue jeans, you notice, and the curve of her breast in her faded shirt, keeps you from looking at the autumn leaves.

At last the time comes for a picnic lunch. Unlike most other girls who would be nervous about sitting on an ant, Letitia sprawls full length under a bright maple tree and stretches like a healthy young animal.

She unbuttons a couple of buttons on her shirt so that the breeze can caress her velvety skin and you find yourself choking on your peanut butter sandwiches as you gaze at the beautiful hills — not those on the horizon, the ones quivering so close to your hand.

She is up in a flash, patting you on the back, her arm around you as you regain your breath.

As long as you're in that position, you might as well not waste it. Lunch, after all, can always wait.

You return her embrace and find that Letitia is returning to the horizontal again, and what's more, you are joining her. What's more, you are finding this the firmest, warmest, most responsive little hiking companion you have ever known.

As you proceed in your discoveries of Letitia, you are further overjoyed to learn that her contours are firm and powerful. The flesh is cool and resilient, the skin is apricot-smooth. Her hungry mouth is devouring yours and those strong muscled thighs are pressing against your own.

Naturally it takes quite a while before either of you find it necessary to speak, but when you do, you confess your amazement.

"Baby," you say, "I sure had you figured wrong. I just didn't think an outdoor type girl like you would er, um, care for this sort of thing."

"Silly," she answers, "but I must admit that I didn't think you'd be so er, uh, active, either. I had you figured for a sort of, well, you know, strictly an indoor type. Wow! Was I wrong."

"I guess," you admit, "we were both wrong about each other."

"I guess so," she agrees. "And now that we've seen what it's like outdoors, I can't wait until we get indoors, can you? How did you know this was my favorite sport?"

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"Don't worry, it won't slip. The top half is painted on".

FOR BETTER or NURSE

Every woman is an amateur Florence Nightingale!

MAYBE IT'S THE maternal instinct, maybe it is just that they like to see a man in a defenseless position — whatever it is, women just love to play nurse.

This is true of all women, from the most sophisticated to the most innocent, young, old, rich or poor.

The fact that they are frequently unequipped to fulfil this role, the fact that they often don't know what they are doing, the fact that they sometimes make a man miserable by their little attentions — all of this is beside the point.

Women love to play nurse.

Never mind trying to figure out why this is so. Better to figure out a way to turn this fact to your advantage.

The way, *of course*, is easy. Get sick.

Naturally, this poses certain problems. If you get really sick, you

This little nurse doesn't take temperatures, exactly, what she does is make them.

aren't in any condition to benefit from your female attendant

Also, if you don't know her very well, she will be shy about treating you in the intimacy of your bedroom.

Short of turning green and getting deathly ill, however, there are other devices by which you can arouse a female's passion for nursing.

There is, for example, the trick knee. You know, the knee that goes out of whack when you are within falling distance of a couch

Be darned sure, however, that you are in a position to be able to switch the light off. It will come in handy later on And it would spoil everything if you leaped to your feet just when you were supposed to be crippled.

There are other ailments that can suddenly befall you and work to your advantage: a headache, a pain in the back, an inexplicable urge to lie down to avoid dizzyness.

All of these things will cause the woman in your company to rush around madly hunting for aspirin, ice packs, linament, etc

Let her She won t do you any good with this junk — especially if you are suffering from an imaginary ill. On the other hand, you've got to allow her nursing instincts to have full play.

It is *later,* when you are beginning to feel *better,* when, thanks to *her* you are sure you'll live again, that you make your move

By this time, of course, a bond of intimacy has grow up between you.

She has rubbed you here and here and here. And she can't possibly mind if you do a little rubbing back. In fact, she'll kind of like it, because whether she knows it or not, it is flattery to know that she's nursed you back to such brimming good health.

Needless to say, you have to stage your illnesses at the proper times. It won't do to get sick at the office picnic because there are too many people there and in no time, they'll organize a deputation to get you home and leave you there.

On the other hand, if you are very sure you can count on her, you might whisper confidentially, "Drusilla, I hate to be a wet blanket in the middle of the office picnic and all, but I think I'm coming down with a mild attack of recurrent fever. The war and all—you know."

Chances are nine out of ten that Drusilla's eyes will open wide and that she'll say something soppy like, 'Oh, you poor lamb. You ought to be at home."

"Well," you murmur, "I don't want to make a scene. You know, it's sort of embarrassing. Perhaps you could sort of help me to the car. I - I think I can drive — I'm pretty s-sure I can see the road."

That's all Drusilla needs. She's your protectoress now. She'll whisk you out of there and drive you home.

You let her know, of course, that

These days, nurses are supposed to have charm. Wouldn't you say this one does?

it's a bad idea for you to be alone. Naturally, she drapes you on her couch. She feeds you aspirin. She gets you a cool drink. She pulls down the shades and throws a blanket over your feet.

"Is there anything else I can do for you, Charley?" she asks.

"Y-yes, if you wouldn't mind — I hate to ask you this — but do you think you could massage my shoulders—the tension—and I—uh . . ."

"Why, Charley, of course! Now you just turn over. You poor thing. You need someone to look after you. This is just awful. Now you be quiet and let me rub you and the nasty old pain will go away."

Well, friend, there you are. Think of it. You are on Drusilla's couch. The shades are down. Her roommate is away at the office picnic. Her sympathy is thoroughly aroused and what's more, she has become intimate with you and your problems.

If your behavior becomes a bit too wild for Drusilla, she can always excuse it to herself on the grounds that you were feverish. But that's after the fact. In the meantime, she's putty in your hands.

She wanted to play nurse, didn't she? Ok, you're the doctor. Now the rest is up to you. ● ● ●

Double dates are double jeopardy; travel light!

By Domenick Scraglio

2 + 2 = TROUBLE

MAN IS A gregarious animal, it says in the books. He likes company, he travels in herds.

Generally speaking, this is true. Most of us like company, the more the merrier. We all like getting together with the gang, having a good time.

There's one point in the festivities, however, when it is best to be by yourself. Well, that is, almost by yourself.

When you and your lady love have reached the moment of supreme understanding, it is time to get away from the mob.

We all know this too. And yet, how often do we get ourselves tangled up with other people, just at the wrong time?

The most frequent stumbling block in this connection, is that deepest of all social traps, the double date. This is the thing to be avoided with the same care that you'd exercise in avoiding poison ivy. Both limit your sex life.

It is perfectly true that women are the worst offenders in this way. This is especially true of young women. Girls under 21 frequently persuade their friends that it would be "such fun" to go out with Midge and Charley. "Honestly, Midge is a scream!"

Sound familiar? Heard it before? How about this? . . . "Gosh, Joey, it's no fun going dancing just by ourselves, why don't we get another couple to go with us? Now, my friend Ruthie is a gorgeous girl with a wonderful personality and if you could just bring along another boy . . ."

Or, how about this? "But don't you see, Harold, it would be cheaper if we took another couple along. I'll bet your friend, Eddie, would love to bring his girl . . ."

We needn't go any further. These are just a few typical roadblocks set up by the fair sex. They all end up in the double date. Which is to say, double trouble. Nobody, but nobody gets to first base.

If you've got a girl who will never go out with you alone, and who is always trying to organize a small sized posse, just to go down to the local drug store — you've got yourself a hatful of nothin'.

Our advice in two words: ditch her.

On the other hand, it isn't always the woman who is guilty in this respect. All too often the man digs his own grave.

"Listen, Eloise, I got a friend who has this wonderful speedboat, see, and he has this girlfriend and I thought that the four of us . . ." Sound familiar?

How about: "I got these tickets to the Harvest Ball, but we don't know anybody there, so I thought I'd ask Charley and his girl if they'd like to come along . . ."

Heard all this before? You should have. That's you talking, you fool.

And it shouldn't be necessary to remind you that the outcome of that little foray was strictly no dice. Nevertheless, we will remind you because the double date is, as we said before, one of the worst and most common of social traps.

To be sure, there does come a time when a double date is perfectly enjoyable, but this is only true when the relationship has become so solid that you can afford to turn your attention away from each other for a little while.

And even then, you're asking for trouble because it may be that while you are chatting away with your best buddy's girl, he is playing foot-

Continued on next page

If one girl is good, wouldn't two girls be better? Answer is a loud, long nyet!

sie with your playmate.

The double date really is something to be avoided. Yet, to be realistic about it, there are times when one must grin and bear it. At these times one has to make the best of things. We recommend the following technique.

Your gal, Griselda, has you over a barrel. She's just about ready to see things your way and she has let you know it. But, just because she's a woman, she wants to make you sweat a little. She insists on going "double" with her roommate and another guy. If you give up now, you've lost all the headway you've gained so far. Yet, a false step on the double date could cost you your chances.

What to do? Get next to the other guy fast.

Now you can be darned sure that Griselda and Eloise have beat you to the punch Their signals are all worked out. One raised eyebrow means "let's go some place else" A coughing spell means "stick close to me, he's gaining ground." A fluttered handkerchief means "meet me in the lady's room in three minutes."

Thing to do is work out your own signals. More important, work out your own battle plan.

Be sure you fix it with the other Joe so that you get separated. It doesn't really matter how you get separated — even if one of you has to fall off a cliff. The important thing is to get separated or get nowhere.

And remember, if you do have to fall off a cliff, keep a tight hold on her hand. It's no fun falling off a cliff alone. ● ● ●

"What do you want me to do . . . steal?"

BUSTER'S LAST

By Michael Fremont

WHILE IT IS TRUE that most men are always on the prowl for as many women as they can find, it is also true that if they find them, they are sometimes in heap trouble.

Seeing as how this is a monogamous society, that is, once a guy gets legally hitched to a woman he is supposed to stick with her and with her alone—most men do their light-footing before marriage.

And who can blame them? It isn't as if American men enjoyed the rights of the Arabs. The lucky Moslems can simply declare, "I divorce you," three times in the presence of witnesses. Then they go out and get another wife.

What's more, they are permitted to have a fistful of wives, providing they can support them

If all of this seems loaded on the side of men, and disadvantageous to women, it is worth while noting that the ships and planes have not been loaded down with Arab women lately, looking for a chance to be free.

As we said at the outset, because things are so restricted for the American married male, he has to do his boudoir roving while he is still a bachelor. Or, if he chooses to do it while married, it has to be done with stealth — and usually, increased cost.

If a guy is a bachelor, nobody really cares how many dames go in and out of his apartment or at what rate of frequency. But if the guy is married, he has to buy secrecy in the form of bribing doormen, renting an extra apartment, using assumed names, etc This is boring, deceitful, expensive and unfair as hell.

It makes things difficult for men at a time when high taxes and inflation are difficult enough. And it makes things equally tough on women who are denied the pleasure of male company

For these basic reasons, it is clear that we sympathize with plural friendships. This is another way of saying that we think a guy is entitled to have as many gals on the string as he can handle.

The trouble with this is that it is sometimes a man's undoing

Nothing, but absolutely nothing makes a woman sorer than to discover that her man is cheating on her with another woman of equal status.

Notice, we said "equal status." If the status is not equal, women are

Continued on next page

STAND
Beware of scouting too many dames,
you might find yourself ambushed!

prone to forgive and even overlook. Thus, a wife who finds her husband dallying with his secretary may reason that the poor dear is entitled to a little relaxation from his business worries — and after all, how can he help succumbing to that little minx, being in the same office with her and all.

Yes, she can understand his going a little silly over a show girl because the girl has glamour Yes, she can even understand his making a pass at junior's third grade teacher because she is the intellectual type, etc.

But just let wifey learn that her mate is out playing footsie with another man's spouse — whammo! She flips her lid.

Or, let his girlfriend find out that he is not only deceiving his wife but has *another* girlfriend as well and she starts taking up target practice.

In short, even within the confines of this society, there is a certain amount of latitude for the man who plays his cards right

Women don't mind a man's aggressions self as provider, himself — the richer, smarter, etc.

But if she's in direct competition, the setting is ripe for trouble.

It is important in this connection for a man to play the field to remain [illegible]

should he let his right female know what his left female is up to. What's more, he should make sure they never meet.

It is possible then, for a guy to be married and still have something cooking with another man's secretary.

Some businessmen tactfully arrange to swap secretarial attachments to keep their wives from catching the scent.

It is possible for him to be paying court to a lady buyer, a manicurist, an old friend of the family, a doctor's receptionist — it is possible to do all this and still enjoy a long and fruitful life.

Unless they happen to get together

In that case — and it does happen — pardner, you'd better head for the rain forests of Ecuador. If there are no rain forests in Ecuador, keep right on going until you find one.

Anything is better than meeting the wrath of a pack of females who have exchanged their female pride for that cast iron bond of solidarity against the erring male

The emergency wards in the nation's hospitals are full of such cases. And internes, being the tough slangy crew that they are, have named this kind of accident what it really is — the end, the finish, the fadeout of the finny days in life. It is nothing less than "Busted last stand."

● ● ●

There's No Place Like Foam

By Foster Stephens

Be it ever so humble,

a home is better than a house!

THE TITLE of this article is actually a misnomer We started out to write, "There's No Place Like Home"

But the more we thought about it, the more we realized that part of what makes home so good, is foam, beer foam, rubber foam, telefoam.

But to get back to the subject, there *is* no place like home, after all — especially if it's her home.

If your girl has a home full of brothers, parents, cocker spaniels and neighbors who wander in and out without knocking — forget this That isn't a home, it is a resort hotel and it is something to stay away from.

On the other hand, your apartment, though it may be home to you, though it may be quiet comfortable, perfectly equipped for all your needs — this could be the worst place you can take her to.

There are advantages and disadvantages to either place, her home or yours. But one thing is absolutely clear — any home is better than a public place.

Except for watching a ball game. And if you think we're talking about watching a ball game, you've bought the wrong magazine.

Let's take her home first because it is the most advisable and because it is easier to get yourself into her home than it is to persuade her to enter yours.

Let's assume that she lives alone or that she has a room mate Let's also assume that the room mate allowed *herself* to be persuaded, so she isn't going to give you any trouble. At least, not until the wee small hours.

Now, the main advantage to going to her home is [illegible] she feels herself on safe [illegible] it

[illegible] and it gives her a sense of [illegible]ce.

[illegible]thing you've got to do is to [illegible] That is, you've got to act perfectly comfortable, act, in fact, as if you owned the joint (Without being boorish, of course)

Continued on next page

"Oh, sure, foam is fun but
not o substitute for o gol
lucky enough to be genuine.

If you feel like putting your feet up, do so If you want an ash tray, look around and get it yourself

Help yourself to more ice cubes, arrange the lights the way you like them

This will cause her self assurance to evaporate. She will stop thinking of her apartment as a fortress You've got her on the run and you've got to keep her there until she falls.

be back before long That either makes you have to work too fast, or else it cuts your operating time to a minimum and cuts your relaxing time too.

For this reason, it might be wise to take her to your home — unless of course, you can be absolutely certain that your buddy has her room mate trapped for the night

In your home she will naturally [illegible] on unfamiliar grounds so your

you to a much slower pace, but then you've got lots of time.

Lots of time — unless — you've got a roommate too But hell, that's what bolts are for Lock the rascal out.

Getting back to the "your home technique, it is absolutely vital to assure her that she is not in danger. A woman is exactly like a clam and she will snap shut at the first sign of alarm

"I'm a girl who likes plenty of cushions — though I don't think I need them."

If you've done your work well, when she does fall, it will be much easier than you expected There is a reason for this She knows where everything is in the dark She won't stumble, isn't afraid to fall over anything Anything she might need is handy and just where she can lay her hands on it Including, of course, you

The one trouble with all of this, of course, is her roommate. She'll

tactics have to be sharply [illegible]ed.

Instead of blasting her reassurance, you'll have to build it up Get her to take her shoes off — a two pronged device to gain her confidence and also make her more vulnerable later on Make sure that she is able to find the bathroom, the kitchen sink, whatever she needs. without having to be shy about asking.

True, all of this is going to force

Don't make her nervous [illegible] stalk her Pounce

That's right, pounce. But only when the moment is right

In the intervening time, let the psychological effects of your build up do their deadly work. You have given her food and drink and comfort. Leave it at that.

Don't keep edging in closer and closer Don't keep accidentally brush-

Continued on next page

"A couch con sure be cozy, but sometimes the floor is even more - er - spacious."

"The photographer said he thought I should cushion the impact . . . hmm, wonder,"

ing or rubbing her. Don't give her cause for alarm.

Do make her happy, content, amused, protected, diverted, relaxed, and disarmed. Don't worry about stimulation, she's got all the stimulation she needs by just being there.

Then, as we said before, when the time is ripe, pounce. We don't, of course, mean that literally. If you do, you'll scare the daylights out of her. And being as how it is your home, you know how thin the walls are, and how easily a scream can be heard in the next apartment.

No, when we say pounce, we mean make a bold, firm and decisive move. Take the situation in hand, or as much of her as you can grasp at one time, and proceed deliberately on your course.

She'll probably protest at first, but that is absolutely standard and you'd have reason to worry if she didn't. Her protests will become less and less shrill, however, as soon as she discovers that you know she doesn't mean it.

From then on, your modus operandus is fairly easy. You begin a gradual glide path from the foam rubber couch to the foam rubber mattress on your bed.

You may discover in the course of the proceedings that she has a little foam rubber of her own to contribute but we like to think, for your sake, that what you rub is real and that there is more of it than what she discards.

All you have to remember is that when you open the front door in the morning, take in the newspaper, but leave your roommate asleep on the mat. Poor guy has probably had a hard night.

"What he means by that. I don't mind padding though, it sort of protects a girl."

TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT !

The cockney newly weds had just retired to their first evening in bed After two and a half hours, the bride rolled over and said, ' 'Ow about it, Alf?"

Alf did not answer. Three hours later, she asked him again, " 'Oo about it, Alf?'

Again, Alf did not answer The dawn broke through the nuptial window panes when the bride asked still a third time, "Come on, Alf, ow about it?'

" 'Ow about what?" Alf asked

" 'Ow about going to sleep?"

* * *

A Broadway producer wired a famous Hollywood actress inquiring about her availability and her expected salary for appearing in one of his forthcoming plays She replied that she could take the part at $5,000 per week

The producer telegraphed back- "AGREE TO YOUR TERMS WITH PLEASURE REPORT FIRST OF NEXT MONTH "

She immediately dispatched a return wire' "FIVE THOUSAND WEEKLY FOR ACTING PLEASURE COMES EXTRA

* * *

After listening to the lush's troubles for an hour, the bartender said, ' Look, see that stunning blonde at the front of the bar?" The customer nodded appreciatively. "That's my wife And see that terrific redhead in the back booth? That s my mistress. And see that big new Lincoln out in front? That's my car, and they re all overdue. Now will you shut up?

Can't you just say it was an overdose of pills or something?

I'd hate been here sooner only I thought you were "kiddin."

* * *

The Hollywood starlet was exuberant over receiving a role in a forthcoming picture

"I was made for the part!' she crowed happily

"Shhhh,' cautioned her friend, "you don't have to tell everybody '

* * *

Women are very strange — they have to be coaxed for something they would normally beg for if they were not asked.

* * *

Why is it that men praise women for their virtue and dislike them when they try to keep it?

* * *

Pat and Mike were walking down Beverly Blvd when a particularly beautiful girl passed by. Pat took a second look "See how she walks, how she carries herself? A girl doesn't learn such taste She inherits it That girl is a debutante from a prominent family."

Mike disagreed. "If you ask me she's a prostitute."

Pat and Mike decided to follow her and placed a bet on her position in life. The bet was never won, of course. They were both right

* * *

He: Have you got a room for my wife and me?
Hotel Clerk· We've only got double rooms left, sir
He: Will that be all right, dearest?
She Yes, mister

Two young girls were discussing the usual subject boys.

"I am looking for a boy who does not drink, does not smoke, swear, or have any bad habits, ' commented the first lovely miss

'And when you find him," queried the second, ' what in the hell are you going to do with him?

* * *

For every man over eighty-five there are seven women — but by that time it's too late

A very proper English type sat down in a west-side pub one evening but didn't order The bartender, an unusually friendly sort, asked him if he couldn't fix him a drink, on the house.

"No, thanks," said the Englishman, 'Tried liquor once. Didn't like it."

The bartender then offered the Britisher a cigarette

He shook his head "Tried tobacco once. Didn't like it."

Still trying to be friendly, the bartender asked the Englishman if he'd like to join a couple of friends seated at the bar, in a few hands of poker.

"I don't believe so,' he said. "I tried gambling once. Didn't like it. As a matter of fact, I wouldn't be sitting in this place at all, but I promised my son I'd meet him here."

"I see," said the exasperated bartender, "Your only child, I presume?

From what you've told me, I'd say he got the best of the bargain!

Another guy, this one a little more amiable to the pleasures of the flesh, came into another bar one evening and ordered several expensive drinks. After about an hour, he asked the bartender what his tab came to

"That's a quarter altogether," said the bartender The customer was surprised but shrugged and put down two bits. Next evening at cocktail time, he went into the same bar, drank a number of cocktails and was charged only twenty-five cents again

Happy to have stumbled onto a good thing, he paid a third visit the following evening When the usual check for a quarter came, the patron could resist no longer.

"I'm not one to look a gift horse in the mouth, but I'm curious. How come my check is never more than two bits, no matter how many drinks I have?"

"It's my wife," the bartender said. "She's out with the boss, and what he's doing to her, I'm doing to his business."

* * *

The answer to maiden's prayer is usually A-man.

* * *

The sweet young thing accepted her beau's invitation to visit his apartment, fully aware of what the consequences might be. When she arrived at his place, he wasn't quite ready to greet her, and the houseboy asked her to wait in the den.

The man's hobby was collecting instruments of torture, and his den was loaded with pistols, swords, whips, cat-o'-nine-tails, daggers, bayonets and many miscellaneous torture racks The girl was in a cold sweat waiting for him and became more and more upset by the surroundings as the minutes ticked off.

When her boyfriend finally put in an appearance, she screamed hysterically, 'What are you going to do to me?"

"Nothing much," he replied calmly. "I'm just going to make wild and passionate love to you."

With a sigh of relief, she gasped, "Oh, thank goodness!"

* * *

The lovely young thing was furious when a young fellow who came upon her swimming in the nude refused to budge from his vantage point on the bank beside her clothes

At last, she swam downstream and found a large washtub, half buried in the sand, which she brandished in front of her like a protective shield, and returned to retrieve her clothes. She found the guy, still sitting there placidly

"Do you know what I think?" she demanded furiously.

"Sure," he said, eyeing the washtub leeringly. "You think that thing's got a bottom to it."

GET LAST YEAR'S MODEL AND SAVE

Who cares about wrap-around wind shields? Girls ar

THE TROUBLE with most things these days is that they are built to wear out.

This is what the experts call "planned obsolescence," and what it means is that you plunk out your good dough for something that glitters and the thing breaks down before you've got tired of it.

This is the way Detroit sells cars.

There is another gimmick they use to sell them: they deliberately hold back on improvements, filtering them out one at a time. Thus, each year, your model car is 'old fashioned."

They could darned well put those improvements in your model but they don't want to. They want you to buy a new one.

And then they hook you with a third gimmick, styling. They throw out all the expensive tools and dies that they used to punch out your model (at fantastic expense, by the way — a hidden cost which is passed on to you in the purchase price of your car) and they change the style.

Your jalopy might be running as sweet as a sewing machine but every autumn it is worth several hundred bucks less — just because the style is changed. You're 'old fashioned."

A lot of people are getting wise to this apple scrapple and they are putting their dough in small European cars. They are buying a model built to last — and what's more, they are buying something that won't lose value because of unimportant little style changes.

Our advice?

Stick to women.

Here too, there is a tendency on the part of American males to be sold a bill of goods. And it is a costly one.

The new dame, the attractive dame, the one who just breezed into town, the dame who was just hired at the office — this is the dame who gets the rush.

Waste, that's what it is. Out and out waste. And also inefficient.

The girl who breezes in from out of town may look different, she may look more glamorous, she may have something exotic and refreshing about her — but it's going to cost you a lot of money.

What is more, you have little guarantee of success. You are in there pitching against the competition of all the other bees swarming around this brand new honey pot.

Man, that's a waste of time.

This also applies to the stylish numbers — the girls who are first with the new hair styles, the short skirts or the long skirts, the sack dress, the white lipstick. Naturally, all of these things arouse male attention. Naturally, these girls get it.

But they get more than they can handle. You're a sucker if you add your scalp to their belts. After all, if you're going to get scalped, you might at least enjoy it.

It is for this reason that we advise in our most emphatic tones: Get Last Year's Model And Save.

Needless to say, we don't mean that too literally. There is no such thing as this year's model woman or last year's model. Woman is eternally woman.

But what we do mean is to turn your attention to the good used models, the ones whose paint is still good, who still have clean lines and plenty of kick left in their transmissions.

These girls may not be the jazzy little numbers that have just come onto the market, but brother, they will give you a smoother, steadier and more satisfactory ride.

There's nothing wrong with a good woman if she has a little mileage on her. More often than not, she is just well-broken in.

The French know this and so do most Europeans—which is why they marry young girls, taking them on for a long training period, as it were.

Their mistresses are inevitably ma-

You can tell she's the economical type because she always carries a lunch box

ture, well-worn, well driven models who turn out a dependable performance

The American tradition to get a car or a woman with zero miles on the speedometer is therefore, not only a costly process, but very often is unsatisfactory as well

These shiny new model girls have to have the bugs worked out of them They need adjusting, tuning, constant attention and if you treat them the least bit rough they go out of action

That isn't true with the older models You can give them hard wear and they'll be faithful, uncomplaining and always easy to start in the morning or in cold weather

Finally, [illegible] older models [illegible] they don't cost as much — [illegible] for your original outlay or for upkeep. They thrive on low-octane gas, you don't have to give them supercharged stuff.

And if they get a little squeaky or sluggish now and then, why just pour on a little oil and go for another couple of thousand miles.

Finally, once the newness has worn off on a girl, you get a steady trade-in value She isn't hard to unload and you don't take much of a depreciation loss.

And even if you can't resist the shiny new models, always remember: an older model makes a fine second girl. ● ● ●

Girls Always Make Passes

A lip that is hirsute may aid your suit

At Men With Mustaches

By Jacques LaRonde

LOOK AT THE acknowledged great lovers of history. Consider such lotharios as Don Juan, Valentino, Max Garfish, Romeo. All of them—with the possible exception of Romeo, who was yet a lad—had one thing in common besides a string of young, pretty and willing females. They all had mustaches.

The mustache can be a great boon to any man's pursuit of woman. It marks its wearer as a man of breeding, of distinction and as a man who thinks for himself. With a mustache it isn't even necessary to smoke Viceroys, or affect a tattoo on the back of one's hand. A mustache may conceal a thousand physical shortcomings, from a weak upper lip to halitosis.

Unfortunately, the mustache is not enjoying as much favor in the U.S. as it once did. Razor manufacturers have made a big thing out of being clean-shaven. It has somehow become faintly disreputable among the organization set to wear any lip fur. But what do razor manufacturers and organization men know about love? Nothing, that's what.

Take it from the women—as well as from the man who wears one—that a mustache has done more for sex than the invention of the convertible. It has raised the upper lip from merely a place on which to rest a beer bottle top to a position of importance in the male physique.

Its effect upon women is uncanny. They grow positively pensive when confronted by one; they can hardly resist the temptation to run their fingers (and other things) through it, even in public.

Probably the classic case of a mustache's influence on a man's sex life is that of the above-mentioned Max Garfish. Max, a squat, dumpy fellow of 39 summers (and God knows how many winters), was what is known as a lousy lover. As an indication of his complete lack of bedroom prowess, it should be explained that Max even failed to score once after he had plunked down twenty clams in a house of illrepute. It got to the point where, in Max's neighborhood on the north end of the Brox, the local gentry had begun referring to their sexual frustrations as "garfishes," lowercase and all.

"How did you make out with that waitress last night?" a North Bronxite would ask his friend.

"Aw," said the other disgustedly, "I had a garfish." The effect of all this upon Max need hardly be described. He became edgy. He lost weight. He grew pale.

Then one afternoon at the pool hall, a friend came to Max with some wonderful advice. "Max," said his friend, "you should grow a mustache."

"Whudda I wanna mustache for?" Max asked.

"Well," his friend explained, "it might take people's minds off the rest of you."

Max considered his friend's advice. At length he decided it was good advice, and he began to grow a mustache. It didn't take long, and within a week Max felt confident enough to leave his two-room apartment and face the world. He had chosen a fine, full-growing bristle that made him look (if you used your imagination) like a British captain of lancers.

The first person Max met was his landlady, a crotchety old bag

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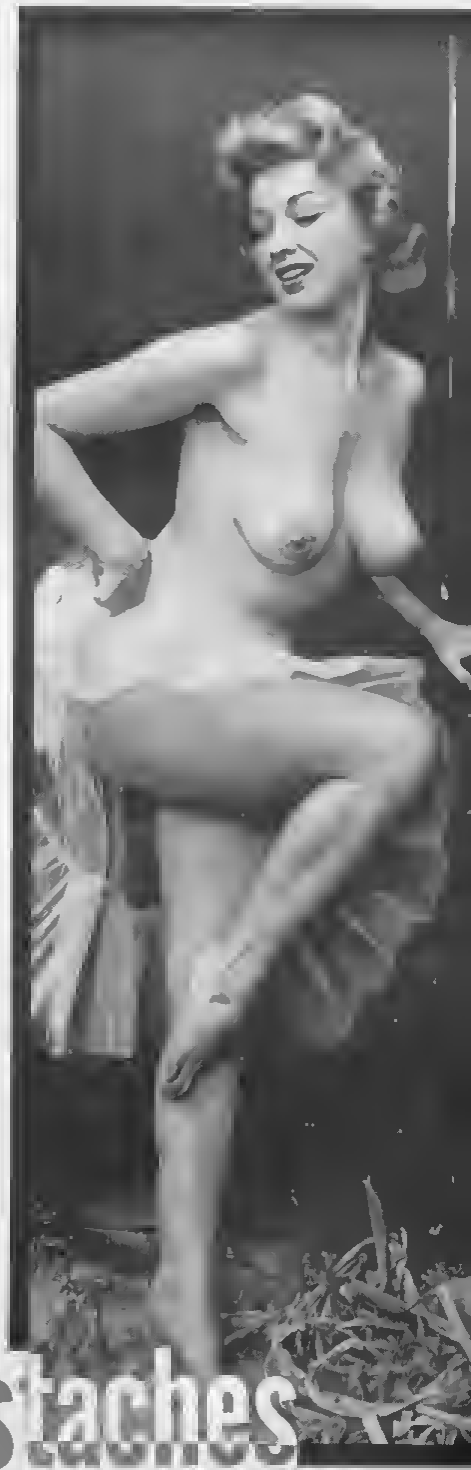

"Little moustaches are all-right, I guess, but those handle-bars are really out."

with a voice like shattering crystal. "Is that you, Max Garfish?" she demanded as he came down the stairs "Whenna you gonna cough up the rest of that rent—" And then she saw his lip-piece

"Well, I thought maybee . . . " Max began.

"No, no," said the landlady, transfixed by the mustache. "Don't give it another thought. Next week, next month—who cares?"

Max was astounded. He walked out on the sidewalk with renewed vigor in his step. He met Mrs. Adams from next door, a comely widow lady with three kids and a handsome inheritance. She had never been particularly cordial to Max before, but today she said:

"Max Garfish, is it you?"

"Mrs. Adams, it's me," Max said, joyous.

"Lissen, Max," she continued, staring at his mustache, "I got some blintzes on the stove upstairs. How about you join me in some with maybe sour cream and jelly?"

Max said he'd love to. They went up to Mrs. Adams's apartment; the kids were all away at summer camp, so they were alone. Mrs. Adams brought out the blintzes and they gorged themselves on them, dipped in sour cream and jelly.

Afterward, Mrs. Adams and

"You know the kiddies are away to summer camp in the Catskills?"

"Yes," said Max. "I know that."

Mrs. Adams looked hard at Max's upper lip. ' Tell me something, Max, darling," she said. "Can I maybe touch it?"

"Touch it?" Max said. "Touch what?"

Mrs. Adams laughed bubblingly. "Touch what, he asks. Why the *mustache,* of course."

Max had almost forgotten. "Of course," he said. "Please do." He leaned forward, and she put a hesitant finger against the bristle. "Oh, go ahead," he said. "Give it a good feel."

Mrs. Adams put both hands against it. "It's heavenly," she exulted. "Just simply out of this world."

And with that she took Max by the ears and gave him a big, longing kiss. Her ample breasts came against him like large, soft pillows. Max's arms went around her. He could feel the softness of her skin, and where it was compressed by the straps of her brasierre. She was well muscled, Max noted, and not at all fat where it mattered. He felt her legs against his. Then one of them slipped between his and remained there tensely.

"Max," said Mrs. Adams when she pulled her face away from his, "did I tell you the kiddies are away at summer camp?"

"You told me," Max said simply. "I'm glad."

"Me too," she said, taking his hand. She led him into the bedroom, her eyes locked in fascination upon his mustache. To her, Max had become a veritible Adonis. The bandy legs, the receding hairline, the hollow chest—these were nothing! The mustache—everything!

Max spent the night with Mrs. Adams. In fact, he spent quite a few nights with her. When school began, and the kiddies returned from camp, Max moved in for good. And Mrs. Adams became Mrs. Garfish. It was a touching ceremony

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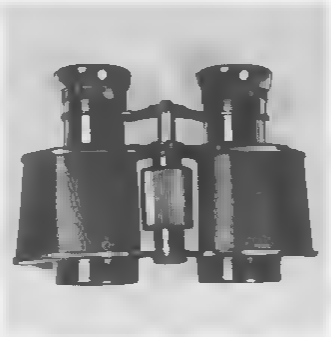
the SWAG BAG



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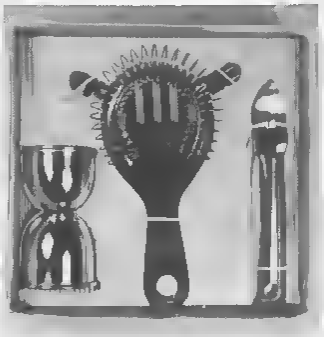

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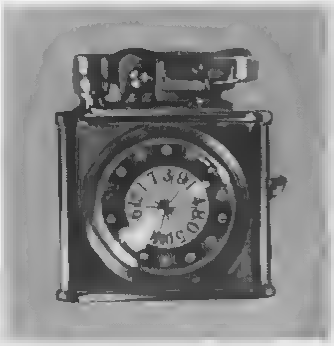

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